THE SMILE-BRINGER

WILLIAM HERSCHELL

THE SMILE-BRINGER

THE
SMILE-BRINGER
And Other Bits of Cheer

By

WILLIAM HERSCHELL

Author of
Songs of the Streets and Byways
The Kid Has Gone to the Colors, etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY
PAUL SHIDELER

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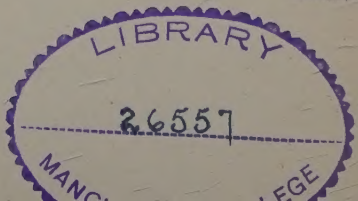


In this, his third book of verse, the author has included several titles that found favor during the war. Among them are "The Service Flag," "The Soldier of the Silences" and "Huh-uh! Not Me!"

All the verses contained in this volume have appeared in *The Indianapolis News* and the author is grateful for permission to reprint them.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Smile-Bringer	1
The Lily at the Window	3
"Out-Here-Where"	5
Bud Lyster	8
Blossomtime in Town	10
The Three Flags	13
Chuck a Little Chuckle	16
Alley Golf	20
Li'l Boy Blew	22
Thrashing-Time at Granny's	25
The Tie that Binds	28
Come, Sweet April, Come!	31
Saint Happy	33
The Day—November 11, 1918	36
Uncle Dud	38
"This Way Out"	41
The Go-Fars	43
Veterans	46
Little Girl Next Door an' Me	48
July Jealousy	51
Christmas Greens	53
Helping Mother	56
The Back Way Home	58
The Service Flag	61

CONTENTS—*Continued*

	PAGE
Childhood Knows No Race or Creed	63
Maytime on Muscatatuck	66
Ain't God Good to Indiana?	69
Feller and Kid and Guy	72
Twins Is Twins	74
The Millersville Cycle Path	77
The King Walked in His Garden	79
Little Lady Junetime	82
How Yo' All Spell Marie?	83
The Little Old Everything Store	86
It Isn't Alone the Summertime	88
Juneitis	91
Little Town of What's-Its-Name	93
The Land of Summergone	97
De Pallet on de Flo'	99
An Humble Grace	102
Little Kid Brother of Mine	103
Huh-uh! Not Me!	106
Down on th' Crick with Daddy	108
The Watchmanette	111
The Old Homemade Wagon	114
The Soldier of the Silences	117
A Dissertation on Lickrish	119
Cronies	121
Thinkin' Things about Heaben	125

CONTENTS—*Concluded*

	PAGE
Galluses	127
Aunt Em	129
Snooper	132
Just a Flower	135
The Glad-Makers	137
The Luck of Living	140
When We Had Watermelon	142
The Travelers' Garden	145
The Song Singers	147
The Trouble-Shooter	150
The Passing of the Monon Plug	152
Just the Having You Around	155
The Borrowed Cottage	158
"Just Watch Papa!"	161
The Falls of Hoosierhaha	163
Rabbit He Run No Mo'!	167
The Secret	169
Riders of the Wind	172
The Laughin' Side o' Things	174
Da Harda Boil Egg	176
An Idler on Cataract	179

THE SMILE-BRINGER

THE SMILE-BRINGER

I NEVER shall forget the place
Where first I saw his smiling face;
A face that Heaven must have sent
To banish human discontent.

'Twas in a lonely street that we
Came face to face quite suddenly.
Two roguish eyes looked up! And then
The sun came out for me again!

I don't know what was wrong that day,
My thoughts were deep in Dismal Bay.
You've had those days, the same as I,
When we're in cloud and don't know why.

'Tis then, if Fate is kind, it sends
Across our path those cheering friends
Whose happy natures are designed
To help us leave our cares behind.

Smile-bringers! That is what they are
Who lift the mist and heal the scar.
Mine, though a boy, has glow of face
That makes my heart a happy place.

One glance at him and I forget
That Gloom and I have ever met.
He smiles—and with those eyes of blue
Smiles deeper—till I'm smiling too!

THE LILY AT THE WINDOW

JUST a plain, old-fashioned cottage,
Let your fancy call to mind,
One with latticed porch and shutters
And an arbor in behind.
Not a house of rare distinction,
Not a home of quaint design,
But a cot wherein a mother
Breathes a sentiment divine.
By the little kitchen window,
On the sunny southern side,
She has grown a flower—a lily—
Herald of the Eastertide.
Symbol of the Resurrection!—
In a pygmy petal-tomb
She had seen it sleep—then waking!—
Glorify that simple room!

Through the long and dreary winter
She had nurtured it with care,
Dreaming that with Spring's returning
Happiness would blossom there.

She had worked with love, believing
That her worn and wrinkled hands
Have a touch that e'en a lily—
Like a baby—understands.
Ah, and now before her window,
Fair as Junetime's fairest sky,
Bloom the children of her nurture,
Gladdening each passer-by.
This her sweet reward for patience,
For the new-blown buds impart
Spring's glad message: "He is Risen!"
And a new song fills her heart.

"OUT-HERE-WHERE"

MY HEART grew glad when I heard him say
His was the cabin of logs and clay;
His was this haven of trees grown rare,
Known to him only as "Out-here-where."
'Way out here where the road winds by,
Merging its trail with the western sky.
What other name could a wildwood bear
Dearer or sweeter than "Out-here-where"?

"Out-here-where!" What a wonderful spot
Just for a home, though an humble cot,
Out here where Time's fleeting hours
Blend their flight with trees and flowers.
Here where the morns and noontides lay
Sun-kissed tithes on the shrine of Day.
Here where the fireflies nightly fare,
Brightening an old man's "Out-here-where."

Why do men labor for more than this?
Where has God's goodness such emphasis?
Here where the fields meet normal needs,
Here where the soul disdains all creeds.
Out in the open where men may see
All that an Eden might hope to be.
Heavens I dream of are not more fair,
Dear old man, than your "Out-here-where"!

BUD LYSTER

A BARBER WHO DIED BEFORE HE WANTED TO

WHEN first we heard old Bud was dead,
It wasn't what th' grown-ups said
That made th' thing seem doubly sad—
What got us all to feelin' bad
Was what th' little kids would say
When they was told he'd passed away,
Fer Bud, in fact, was what you'd call
A kind of pardner of them all.

Th' kids, somehow, all joyed to stop
In front of Hughie's barber shop
An' ketch Bud cuttin' some one's hair,
Then they'd stand 'round a-grinnin' there
Till he'd stop work an' say he bet
He'd haf to cut their ears off yet.
Then they'd all laugh an' scream an' run
Like they don't know he's all in fun.

Poor Bud is dead! Well, I can't see
What use in Heaven Bud can be
When us folks need him so down here
To drown our worries with his cheer.
'Course Bud was not a pious chap—
He'd smoke an' chew an' cuss an' scrap,
But all his faults, folks allus said,
Got down no deeper than his head.

An' oh, how glad Bud was to live!
To smile an' joke an' go an' give;
You'd start a-laughin' when he'd say:
"I heard a bran' new tale to-day."
An' Bud is dead! Well, I'll just bet
If Bud had choice he'd be here yet,
Fer Bud was allus gladdest when
He played with kids an' joked with men!

BLOSSOMTIME IN TOWN

WHEN Spring, the Princess Magic, blends her April sun and rain
To breathe a bud-tint border for the orchard path and lane,
Then legion hearts find longing for the country—but for me
There's something more entrancing in her city wizardry.

The blossoms of the country are, by law of Nature, born
To preface Summer's pageantry of waving wheat and corn,
But here — here in the city — with its gray, unfriendly walls,
A tree aglow with blossoms is a vision that enthralls.

Across yon barren alley looms, in garb of filmy white,
A tree whose boughs some fairy must have altered in a night,
While 'round the corner, half concealed, as if from view to shrink,
Another blossom-débutante reveals herself in pink.

Now, in a street where children play, I feel new longings rouse—
They're playing gipsy underneath a tent of lace-bloom boughs.
Ah, childhood of the city streets, what joys are showered down,
For we are children — all of us — when Blossom-time's in Town!

THE THREE FLAGS

A SMALL service flag, with its symbol of blue,
Came out of a window — the conflict was through!
A glad mother smiled as she folded it, too;
Rejoiced that it all was done.
Her boy had come home from the furies of France,
His soul still aflame with that final advance;
He was strong, he was brave—she could see at a glance
Why France and her allies won.

She kissed the loved emblem and laid it away
With treasures held sacred for many's the day,
Then prayed that a relic it ever would stay
And sadden her heart no more.
Through months that were ages that little blue star
Had bound her lone heart to a soldier's afar,
But now he'd come back without even a scar—
Her boy as he was of yore.

In the house next door is another small flag
Whose loyal blue star sees the weary months drag
As it waits for a boy and his old duffel-bag
To come from a foreign clime.
The little star knows there is work he must do,
That, deep in his heart, he is wishing were through,
For then he'd come home—as he's hungering to—
But he must abide his time.

Each day a fond mother scans papers and mail
For tidings of ships that are listed to sail—
For one that shall turn him the glad homeward trail
To her and his service star.
They'll harken to all of the tales he will tell,
Of comrades who conquered and others who fell;
But he has come out of it, honored and well,
And oh, how happy they are!

* * *

But, on up the street, by a cottage grown old,
A passer-by pauses that he may behold
Another small flag—one emblazoned with gold!—
The star of a martyr-son!

A woman peeps out from the curtains to see
Whose pity is hers—though she asks none—not she!
Her boy was a soldier—a soldier she'll be
Till Heaven shall make them one.

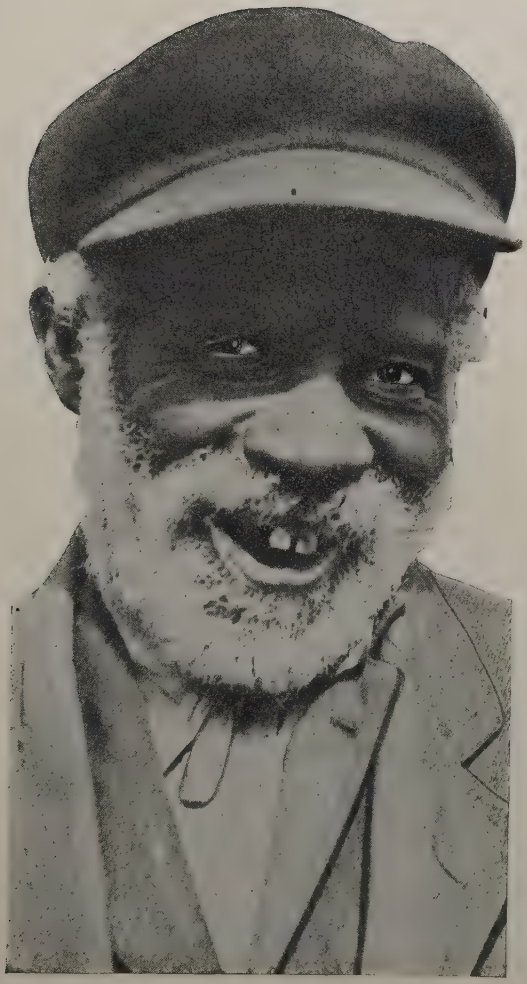
Her grief, at first bitter, long forerun by dread,
Reveals him now living, though named with the dead.
When tears seek a conquest, she whispers instead
His name—as a mother can.
How proudly she sees him go forth to the fray,
No quarter for foes of a breed such as they;
He died like a soldier—she reared him that way—
A soldier! A son! A man!

CHUCK A LITTLE CHUCKLE

UNCLE HAPPY OFFERS SOME EARLY-IN-THE-YEAR PHILOSOPHY

EF YO' wants to git de new yeah
Kind o' stahted on its way
So's de track won't be all bumpy
An' de crossties show decay,
Yo' has got to use some chuckles
As a ballast fo' de ties,
Ef yo's gwine to keep de roadbed
Free frum wreck-perducin' sighs.
Chuck a little chuckle,
Chuck a little chuckle,
Chuck a little chuckle in yo' sighs.

Sighs is mighty queer devices,
Made o' nothin', yo' might say,
Still dey cause a lot o' trouble
When dey once git undah way.
Staht frum nowhah, yit dey trabel



Lak a cloud across de skies,
An' dey's mighty fond o' growin',
Dat's de reason Ah advise:
Chuck a little chuckle,
Chuck a little chuckle,
Chuck a little chuckle in yo' sighs.

Funny thing erbout a chuckle—
It des kind o' oozes in
Whah de sighs is makin' trouble—
Den yo' feels de fun begin!
Mistah Sigh he kind o' grumbles,
Mistah Chuckle act su'prise',
Den, fus' thing yo' know, ole Trouble
Gits a swat betwix' de eyes!
Chuck a little chuckle,
Chuck a little chuckle,
Chuck a little chuckle in yo' sighs.

Chuckles, when dey gits to goin',
Sho' 'nough gib ole sighs de gaff,
Keep a-dancin' an' a-prancin'
Till dey bus' out in a laugh.

Den dey spreads, des lak de measles,
An' dey grows so big in size
Dat de whole worl' gits de symptoms,
Which am why Ah advahtise:
Chuck a little chuckle,
Chuck a little chuckle,
Chuck a little chuckle in yo' sighs.

ALLEY GOLF

SWELL golfers has brassies an' drivers an' cleeks,
But never can play till dey've practised fer weeks;
You hears 'em yell "Fore!" w'en dey're drivin' de ball,
W'ich strikes me as kinfolks to no game at all.

Dey "tee up" an' "stance" an' have all kinds o' "form,"
An' all kinds o' sweaters to keep deirselves warm;
Dey's got to have caddies to hunt fer de pill
Dat goes in de crick 'stead of over de hill.

Dat's swell stuff—yeh, maybe—an' maybe it ain't—
If I had to play it I'd fall in a faint!
De real game is alley golf—shinny, dat's right—
It starts wit' a tin can an' ends wit' a fight.

Dere's none o' dat "Fore!" stuff as ever I've seen—
You duck yer old nut er git cracked on de bean!
You've got to squint fast w'en old shinny begins
Er go git a doctor to sew up yer shins.

A broomstick's yer brassie an' driver an' cleek,
W'ich sure can make strawberries grow on yer beak;
Just one little wallop can make yer old eye
Believe it's been smeared wit' a blackberry pie.

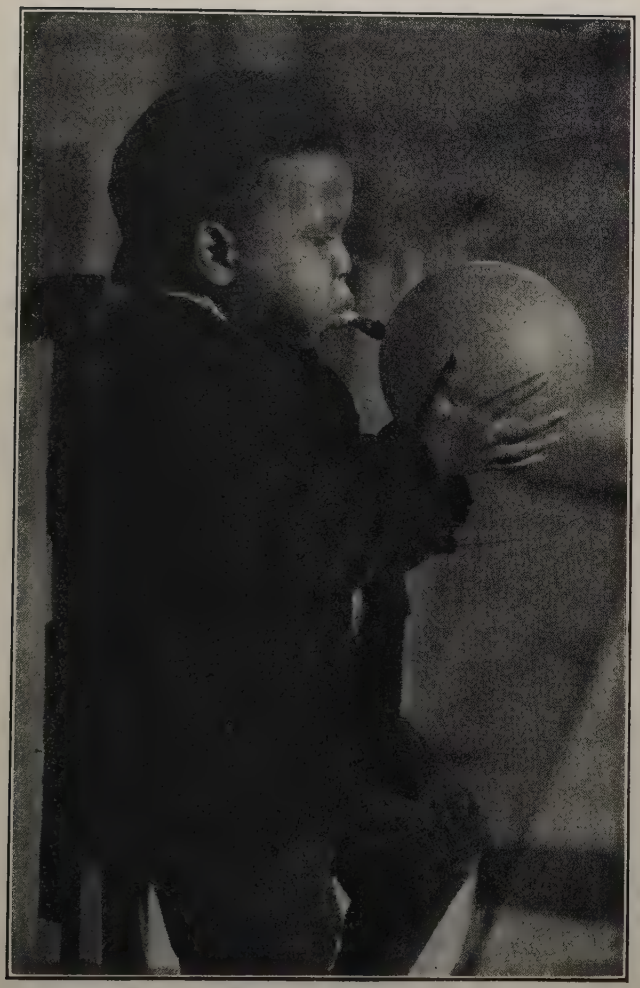
Dat's sport—not no parlor ner ladylike stuff—
It cuts out de babies dat's skeered to be rough;
An', oh, w'en you've cracked dat old can a real jar
You feels like a man—an' dat's dis w'at I are!

LI'L BOY BLEW

FOLKS dey done nickname him Li'l Boy Blew,
'Count o' de blowin' dat li'l boy do.
'Count o' de way he—nights, mawnin's an' noons—
Stan' 'roun' de cawnah an' blow up b'loons.
Tickles me wild when dat cute li'l cuss
Puff up his jaw till he mighty nigh bus'.

Minnit dat young'un gits hold ob a cent
He ain't gwine res' till dat money's all spent.
Off to de sto' he goes, lickety-split,
Knowin' ezzac'ly whut he gwine to git.
Sto' man he knows whut he want to git, too—
My, ain't he ticklesome—Li'l Boy Blew?

Dah he is now, standin' front ob his do'—
Look lak de mumps done'n bit him fo' sho'.
Doan' see a soul dat goes passin' him by,
Des dat b'loon am de joy ob his eye!
Blow, blow an' blow till it's big as his haid—
Blow hisse'f up yet, dat's whut Ah'm afraid.



Still, he ain't selfish, dis Li'l Boy Blew;
He doan' git mad when he loses a few.
Ef one gits loose an' goes floatin' away,
Yo' all should heah whut dat li'l boy say.
He say he 'spec' de b'loon got a clew
A' angel felt playful—so up dah it flew!

THRASHING-TIME AT GRANNY'S

TO-DAY Youth's pleasures, one by one, are
marching back to me,
Each bringing some new memory of days that used
to be.
I dream them over—yes, and smile as they go troop-
ing by,
Yet in my heart one lone regret is anchored to a
sigh;
Just one dear honest longing which no pretense can
destroy—
It's thrashing-time at Granny's and I'd like to be a
boy.

To-day through grown-up eyes I saw glad children
hurry by
To get to Granny's, where the dust of oat-chaff
filled the sky.

I heard the engine's low-toned song, the thrasher's
busy roar,
While women hurried in and out old Granny's
kitchen door.
I knew their mission was to make the noontide hour
a joy—
It's thrashing-time at Granny's and I'd like to be a
boy.

To-day around the new-made stacks the boys chase
old dog Jim,
The girls are weaving chains of straw to please each
girlish whim;
The men, though toiling steadily, pause now and
then to jest,
Or hurl good-natured badinage at lovers self-con-
fessed.
Ah, truly 'tis a picture which some artist might em-
ploy—
It's thrashing-time at Granny's and I'd like to be a
boy.

To-day Youth's pleasures, one by one, are marching
back to me,
Each bringing some new memory of days that used
to be.
I've bound them all in brotherhood with purpose
just to say
We're holding a reunion here at Granny's house to-
day.
To-day I'm Youth's adopted child and harvesting
its joy—
It's thrashing-time at Granny's and I'm acting like a
boy!

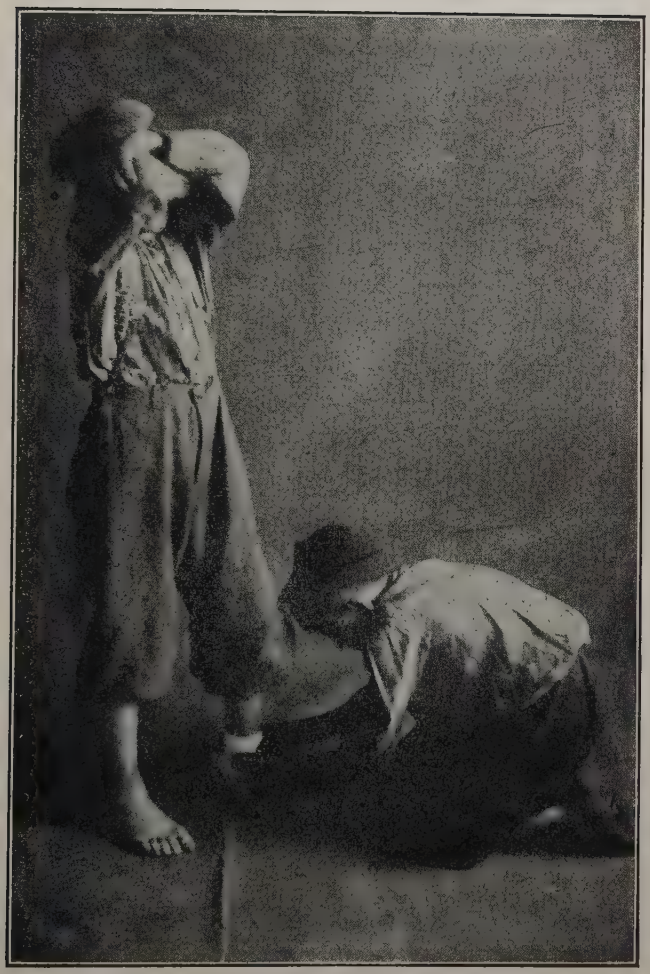
THE TIE THAT BINDS

WHAT man or woman well endowed
With heart-warmth, kindly and humane,
But feels the bond of common cause
With childhood in the pangs of pain?

A bandaged head, a rag-bound toe,
Seem Satan's emblems well designed
To mark some sad, ill-omened hour
When cuticle was left behind.

You well remember, don't you, pal,
Our enemies of barefoot days—
The sidewalk's warped, uneven boards
With nails protruding forty ways?

In summertime, deep in the creek,
For winter's fun we paid full price—
Who would have dreamed our feet would find
Old shinny cans left on the ice?



And, strange, too, how we liked to play
  Behind some old back-alley shed,
Where broken bottles cut your feet
  Or low-hung rafters bumped my head.

With rags from ready shirt tails torn
  Each bound the other's bleeding form;
Each sob brought pity and a pledge
  Of comradeship sincere and warm.

It was our sorrows, not our joys,
  That led us into chumship's way—
The rags and tears of sore-toe years
  Made us the friends we are to-day!

COME, SWEET APRIL, COME!

DEY'S des one song dat's in ma soul,
Come, sweet April, come!
Ma back's 'bout broke f'm shubblin' coal,
Come, sweet April, come!
Ma back's 'bout broke f'm shubblin' snow,
Ah crave dat Wintah soon will go;
Doggone dis doggone ten below—
Come, sweet April, come!

Ah goes to bed at night an' prays,
Come, sweet April, come!
Ah prays dat prayer 'bout forty ways,
Come, sweet April, come!
Ah'd spend de whole night on ma knees
Fo' des one gentle, soothin' breeze;
Yit all Ah git am Wintah's wheeze—
Come, sweet April, come!

COME, SWEET APRIL, COME!

De wind it blow, de snow it fly,
Come, sweet April, come!
De sleet done bus' yo' in de eye,
Come, sweet April, come!
De mo' yo' sigh, de mo' it blow;
De mo' yo' cuss, de mo' it snow—
Sweet Springtime, come an' nevah go,
Come, sweet April, come!

All Ah kin do am sit an' wait,
Come, sweet April, come!
Kain't even cut ma catfish bait,
Come, sweet April, come!
Dey's des one day Ah longs to greet—
Dat's when ma po' ole fros'-bit feet
Kin pattah down some sun-baked street—
Come, sweet April, come!

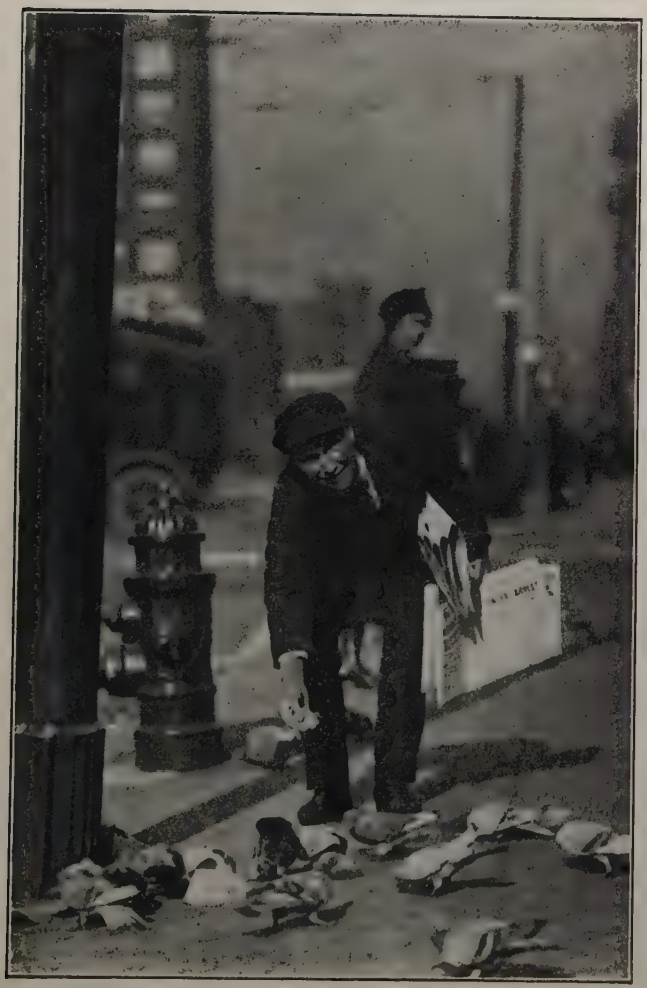
SAINT HAPPY

'TAIN'T allus preachin' clo'es 'at makes a preacher, I declare,
Like wearin' undertaker ties an' havin' wavy hair.
It's what's inside yer heart 'at counts in uppercuttin' sin,
An' right there's where Saint Happy gits his gospel wallops in.
He ain't no Billy Sunday, poundin' pulpits with his fist—
It's what he does 'at makes us kids call him a 'vangelist.

Old Happy keeps a newsstand up around th' Courthouse Square;
The sidewalk's his cathedral an' he acts his sermons there.
His congregation's pigeons! An' I guess you'll understand
When I tell you they eat manna out of old Saint Happy's hand.

They flock an' flutter 'round him like as if he was a saint—
An' I'd 'joy to see somebody try to tell them birds he ain't!

But pigeons ain't th' only ones that Happy holds in heart;
He's made a lot o' humans pledge to do a better part.
There's me, fer instance—say, I'd been as selfish as could be
Till good old Happy come along an' put some soul in me.
I thought about good deeds to do to wake my conscience up—
Then went an' stole a wienie fer a little crippled pup!



THE DAY—NOVEMBER 11, 1918

IT CAME to us in the age-old way,
Born of the dark and a mist of gray;
Born of the dawn and the moonset, too,
Yet, O what a day it was to you!
And O what a day it was to me—
To all of the world from War set free!

It came to us with a burst of sun
That shelled the clouds with long-range gun.
It came from heaven, it came from—Well,
It came from everywhere but hell!
It made every heart catch tune and beat
Like drums of joy for our marching feet.

It swept us all in a surging throng,
A mighty Niagara of mirth and song;
It made all the old forget their years,
It made all our sighs enlarge to cheers;
It brought us no thought to boast or brag,
But O how it made us revere The Flag!

It made us to feel 'twas sweet to be
Clans in a country where men are free.
It made us all pledge anew to fight
The Mightman's menace of rule by might.
It banished "Der Tag," conceived in hate,
And gave us This Day to celebrate!

UNCLE DUD

UNCLE DUD! O Uncle Dud!
Neighbors ought to call you Bud,
Still, they find a lot o' joy
Tantalizin' such a boy.
Ask 'em where you got th' name
They just smile an' say: "It came
Like most other nicknames do—
'Cause it don't apply to you."

Yet, to me, th' Uncle part
Demonstrates a friendly heart.
Uncles allus seem to be
More like chums than kin to me.
When there's trouble you kin go
Tell your Uncle an' he'll know
Just th' thing to do or say
Sure to drive th' clouds away.

Uncle, first time us two met
Was a day I'll not forget.
You was packin' water then
To a crew of thrashermen.
Thing that I most 'member best
Was th' way you'd steal a rest;
'Hind a shock, with puffed-out jaw,
Suckin' water through a straw.

Lordy, how I laughed to hear
Them there farm hands yelp an' jeer;
One he spoke right up an' cursed
'Count o' havin' such a thirst.
You—you didn't mind at all—
You'd just grin an' let 'em bawl.
There you set—you little elf—
Drinkin' all th' jug yourself!

"THIS WAY OUT"

I THINK I'm fairly rational
In all the things I do;
I go around like other folks,
And have glad days and blue.

I count my change at theaters,
I get off street-cars right;
Say "Please" and "Thanks" for everything
And call all children bright.

I eat potatoes with a fork,
I softly sip my soup;
I shy at equal suffrage talk
In singles or in group.

I never play with "deuces wild,"
I never cuss a cop;
When his hand bids me hesitate,
You bet your life I stop.

"THIS WAY OUT"

I like to go to movie shows,
I find the stage a joy;
I cry when they film "Hearts of Oak,"
And laugh with Eddie Foy.

I say I'm fairly rational
In all the things I do;
I go around like other folks,
I have glad days and blue.

But, tell me—tell me, friend of mine,
Ere I tear out my wool—
Why is it, when a door says "PUSH,"
I break my neck to "PULL"?

THE GO-FARS

US IS the Go-fars, us is,
'Count o' because you see
Us is three go-far trav'lers—
Buddy an' Sis an' Me.

Sis she hangs on a-hind me
Yet she's so awful small
No one can hardly see her—
Hands an' her foots is all!

It won't be right, I reckon,
Leavin' her home, 'cause she
Wants to see th' World herself—
Ist same as Bud an' Me.

First we go 'way up Yonder
Where at th' Commons lay;
No, we don't go clear to 'em—
'At's where th' Big Boys play.

Nen we go past th' Alley,
  Where at th' Ash Man's there—
Ash Man's ain't 'fraid o' nothin',
  Ash Man's go ev'rywhere!

Next we go 'round th' Corner,
  'Cept Buddy don't—'cause why
He can't see his house from there—
  Gee, he's a skeerdy guy!

An' once we saw Policemens,
  But we ain't skeered 'cause they
Says they likes little childerns—
  We likes them, too, same way.

We've been 'bout ev'ry places
  'Cept where th' Milkmen's meet;
We'd go there, too, but—golly!—
  'At's 'way across th' Street!

VETERANS

ONE was a Yank in olive drab,
The other a Yank in blue;
One had fought in the years agone,
The other had just got through.
Both were men as we measure men—
Sturdy and brave and true—
But each had fought his own good fight
And each had different view.

One was young as we measure years,
The other was old and gray,
And one was sure that Argonne Wood
Was War's most crimson fray.
The other knew that Gettysburg
Made Argonne seem as play—
And who would urge that Flanders' fields
Ran red as Shiloh's clay?

Both had fought where the shrapnel spat,
And both had seen it kill,
But Youth told Age that Vimy Ridge
Made jest of Malvern Hill.
And Age told Youth no Pershing born
Could match old Fighting Phil,
Who made the ride to Winchester
And gave the Rebs their fill!

Both told tales of wearying nights
Cursed with a sleepless fag;
Both had fought in the valley deep
Or climbed the topmost crag.
And still they fight!—but not as then!—
To-day they jest and brag
And thank God for a comradeship
Beneath the self-same flag!

LITTLE GIRL NEXT DOOR AN' ME

LITTLE Girl Next Door an' Me
An' our ice man—all us three
Have big fun 'bout ever' day
In a little game we play.
Ice man comes an' 'tends 'at he
Ain't got eyes so he can see
Us two git some ice an' hide
When he's takin' ours inside.
It ain't stealin' 'cause he knows
Where th' pieces allus goes,
But it's never fun for us
'Less he makes a' awful fuss.

Little Girl Next Door an' Me
Waits behind our locus' tree
Till he comes to our house where
They's a ice card hangin' there.
Then he acts like he don't see
Little Girl Next Door an' Me,

But he does, 'cause when he weighs
Ice fer us he allus lays
Pieces 'round fer us to git,
So's we'll run away with it.
Then he yells: "Well, jiminee!
Where you s'pose that ice can be?"

Little Girl Next Door an' Me
We don't ever disagree.
We ist play an' play an' play
Like real pardners ever' day.
First thing soon's we git some ice
Then I say it would be nice
If she'd go in her house where
Her ma's got some lemons there.
Yes, an' bring some sugar, too,
An' some water—then she's through.
Next thing then, out in th' shade,
I play makin' lemonade!

JULY JEALOUSY

DEAR friends an' neighbors, listen
You've heard emerge from me
No loud-voiced lamentation
On how things ought to be.
But here's one point I'll argue,
An' win it, too, I'll add—
Us folks ain't got no mortgage
On all th' things that's glad.
Fer instance, you just answer
This question double quick!
Ain't cattle mighty lucky
That lives along a crick?

To-day, out in th' hay field,
Th' sun laid on th' lash;
I felt life all a burden—
An' then I heard a splash!
An', 'way across th' pasture,
A scene appeared to me

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Which brought th' thought that cattle
  Is blessed with luxury.
My cows stood there a-splashin'
  Th' water clear an' cool,
Whilst I, poor, strugglin' mortal,
  Was workin' like a fool.

I toiled along an' pondered
  My own unhappy lot;
Th' work seemed doubly harder,
  Th' sun six times as hot.
I wiped th' oozin' moisture
  From furries in my brow;
Then broke right out a-laughin'—
  I was jealous of a cow!
Say, folks, in 'bout a minute
  My nags was in their stall
An' I was in th' old crick, too,
  A-splashin'—clo'es an' all!

CHRISTMAS GREENS

SING a song of the Christmas Greens
And sing of the man who goes
Swinging them o'er the merchant's door
And under the cynic's nose.
Hang them high in the window there,
Hang them low in the hallway bare,
Arch them over the house of prayer,
And down where the dead repose.

Love finds voice in the Christmas Greens,
In holly and spruce and fir:
In swains that go where the mistletoe
Hangs over the head of her.
Age forgets it is old and gray,
Feels the thrill of the smilax spray,
Sings and dances till dawn of day,
Though burden of years demur.

God puts good in the Christmas Greens,
  Their beauty new joy instills;
They make hearts glad instead of sad
  And banish our human ills.
They bring a smile where once was blight,
They flood the soul with living light
Fair as the Star that shone that Night
  In the far Judean hills.

HELPING MOTHER

EVER' day an' ever' day
Muvver she ist all time say
I are alsway in th' way—
Ever' day an' ever' day!

So, t'-day, I says to me:
Le's be good as I can be,
'Cause when I help muvver she
Gets along th' best wif me.

So I tooked myself an' goes
Where I'll 'prinkle wif th' hose,
But our girl she's hangin' clo'es
Where th' 'prinkle alsway goes.

'Nen she blamed it all on me
'Cause she put th' clo'es, you see,
Where th' 'prinkle ought to be—
Yes, an' told my ma on me!

Nex' fing 'nen I sweeped some dust,
'Cause I got to help or bu'st,
But th' girl she up an'—cussed!—
Ist 'cause I was sweepin' dust.

'Nen my muvver come an' say
Kisses is my workin' pay,
Now I got to go an' play—
'At's ist what my muvver say!

THE BACK WAY HOME

YES, you've prospered well, my brother,
Made your pile, as people say;
Made it while I've gone on dreaming—
Dreaming dreams and growing gray.

You've found joy in gaining riches,
I've just—well, I've loafed along,
Trusting luck to fill my larder
While I lingered with a song.

Still, one joy we have in common,
Sweeter, too, than gold can buy;
One you share in smiling balance
With a dreamer such as I.

That's the memory, O my brother,
Of the paths we used to roam;
Best of which, beyond forgetting,
Was the dear old Back Way Home.

I can see it now, my comrade,
  See the path our bare feet wore
Through the pasture and the orchard,
  Straightway to the kitchen door.

How we joyed in make-believing
  It was some far-reaching trail
At whose end were bold, bad bandits—
  Fancies born of some wild tale!

You remember, too, old crony,
  How the flowers along the way
Were to us a passing circus
  All bedecked in colors gay.

Oh, we had a thousand fancies,
  Sweet as honey in the comb,
You, the Earner, I, the Dreamer,
  Found along the Back Way Home!

THE SERVICE FLAG

DEAR little flag in the window there,
Hung with a tear and a woman's prayer;
Child of Old Glory, born with a star—
Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!

Blue is your star in its field of white,
Dipped in the red that was born of fight;
Born of the blood that our forebears shed
To raise your mother, The Flag, o'erhead.

And now you've come, in this frenzied day,
To speak from a window—to speak and say:
"I am the voice of a soldier-son
Gone to be gone till the victory's won.

"I am the flag of The Service, sir;
The flag of his mother—I speak for her
Who stands by my window and waits and fears,
But hides from the others her unwept tears.

"I am the flag of the wives who wait
For the safe return of a martial mate,
A mate gone forth where the war god thrives
To save from sacrifice other men's wives.

"I am the flag of the sweethearts true;
The often unthought of—the sisters, too.
I am the flag of a mother's son
And won't come down till the victory's won."

Dear little flag in the window there,
Hung with a tear and a woman's prayer;
Child of Old Glory, born with a star—
Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!

CHILDHOOD KNOWS NO RACE OR CREED

IN PEACE they sat—the three of them—
A White, a Black, a Dog;
No creed or cult, no walls of race,
To bias or befog.
The sunshine beamed on all alike
In dreamy, drowsy bliss;
It, too, was free from cult or creed
And racial prejudice.

The Dog was pal to White and Black,
Its heart was ever glad
When from a hand of either hue
A loving stroke was had.
The three thus dwelt in comradeship,
Unknowing that the days
Were not far distant when their feet
Would take divergent ways.

They cared not how each other lived,
In cot or house of stone;
The Dog, with lordly manner, ruled
A soap box all his own.
To them the world was one long Street,
The Yard, the Steps, the Door—
A sunny zone of play-content,
And who could ask for more?

But race and creed have never lost
Their mastery of men;
Some day this comradeship must die
And never live again.
I wish that I might understand,
With all our other sin,
Why childhood must succumb to creed
And hate of race begin.

MAYTIME ON MUSCATATUCK

MAYTIME on Muscatatuck!
Folks, that's 'zackly when
You won't find me lingerin'
'Round th' haunts of men.
You won't ketch me argyin'
Who I'd like to see,
President er Governor—
Just so it ain't me.
All I want's a hook and line,
Bait an' lots o' luck;
Sunshine an' my truest friend,
Old Muscatatuck!

Maytime on Muscatatuck!
Sun ain't out o' bed
'Fore I've got my britches on,
Old hat on my head;

Old shoes, too, fer I contend
  Fishin' ain't a joy
'Less you git all wallered up
  Like you wuz a boy.
Maybe slip down off a rock
  Lookin' up to see
Where that blamed woodpecker's at,
  Drummin' on a tree.

Maytime on Muscatatuck!
  Ever' now an' then
Some bird-op'ry's busted up
  By a jay er wren.
Makes you half-way mad, an' yit
  You can't help but smile
At th' way them outlaws has
  Showin' off their style.
Git your mind on them an'—law!—
  While your 'tention's drawn,
Catfish banquets on your bait,
  Then he's out an' gone!

Maytime on Muscatatuck!
Folks, I don't suppose
Half th' world has ever heard
Where its water flows.
Fact is, I don't know myself
What its name implies,
Still I know Muscatatuck
Soothes an' satisfies.
Guess some happy Indian
Must have named it that,
Thinkin' it to mean a place
Angels picnic at.

AIN'T GOD GOOD TO INDIANA?

AIN'T God good to Indiana?
Folks, a feller never knows
Just how close he is to Eden
Till, sometime, he ups an' goes
Seekin' fairer, greener pastures
Than he has right here at home,
Where there's sunshine in th' clover
An' there's honey in th' comb;
Where th' ripples on th' river
Kind o' chuckle as they flow—
Ain't God good to Indiana?
Ain't He, fellers? Ain't He though?

Ain't God good to Indiana?
Seems to me He has a way
Gittin' me all out o' humor
Just to see how long I'll stay
When I git th' gipsy-feelin'
That I'd like to find a spot

Where th' clouds ain't quite so restless,
  Or th' sun don't shine as hot.
But, I don't git far, I'll tell you,
  Till I'm whisp'rin' soft an' low:
Ain't God good to Indiana?
  Ain't He, fellers? Ain't He though?

Ain't God good to Indiana?
  Other spots may look as fair,
But they lack th' soothin' somethin'
  In th' Hoosier sky an' air.
They don't have that snug-up feelin'
  Like a mother gives a child;
They don't soothe you, soul an' body,
  With their breezes soft an' mild.
They don't know th' Joys o' Heaven
  Have their birthplace here below;
Ain't God good to Indiana?
  Ain't He, fellers? Ain't He though?

FELLER AND KID AND GUY

THERE are those who turn rhythmical phrases
That merge into lyrics of joy,
But none have such heart-warming phases
As those on the lips of a boy.
The boy-brogue's a language progressive,
Revised as new meanings apply,
For Kid is as grandly impressive
As those who are Feller and Guy.

A Guy is just simply a Feller,
A Feller is simply a Guy—
A Boy was some mythical dweller
Who lived here in ages gone by.
But, ah, there's a touch of affection,
A soul-warmth no churl could deny,
When Kids give their words an inflection
That mean "He's my pal," to a Guy.

Though down by the river together,
Or plunged in a hot game of ball,
They're heart-happy birds of a feather;
Their names?—that's no matter at all!
One's Kid and another is Feller,
The third—he is simply the Guy—
For Boy was a mythical dweller
Who lived here in ages gone by.

TWINS IS TWINS

TWINS is 'bout th' sweetest things
Lord A'mighty ever brings,
Still, they're odd as they kin be,
'Least that's how they seem to me.

You kain't never tell, in fact,
Just how twins is goin' to act;
Yet you'd think they'd do an' say
Twin things 'cause they're borned that way.

Pair o' twins I know 'at does
Queerest things 'at ever wuz;
Mebbe one will want to play—
Other'n don't feel thataway!

Then, by heck, first thing you know,
Off to play you'll see 'em go;
Runnin' out an' runnin' in
Like folks should 'at's next of kin.

Next thing one will start to squall,
Other'n—mebbe—won't at all.
Still, I ain't a-goin' to bet
They won't yelp a twin duet.

Us men laughs an' says them two
Change their minds like women do.
Then th' women says: "Tain't strange—
Men ain't got no minds to change!"

Oh, them two twins sure creates
Lots o' neighborhood debates,
But you kain't tell how—in fact—
Twins an' women's goin' to act!

THE MILLERSVILLE CYCLE PATH

THE creek looked up to greet me,
The trees swung down to meet me;
The day seemed tuned to treat me
To Autumn's rarest hues.
But now my gaze diverted
Along the path that skirted
This woodland realm deserted—
This tempter of the muse.

The path—was it the byway
I cherished once as my way
When, from the dusty highway,
I sought a cool retreat?
Ah, yes, it was the old one,
The cycled and the strolled one;
The happy, paved-with-gold one
Where lovers used to meet.

Then soon my dreams were bringing
The old days back—the singing,
And lines of cycles stringing
Along the wooded shore.
But time its toll has taken—
The old path now forsaken
Serves only to awaken
Dream-memories of yore.

THE KING WALKED IN HIS GARDEN

THE King walked in his garden
I saw him there to-day,
Amid his phlox and four o'clocks
And sweet petunias gay.

He wore his royal rompers,
His royal straw hat, too,
And all the plants of circumstance
Were in his retinue.

The King was proud and haughty,
He strode in strutty style,
Which made the pinks cast furtive winks
And all the zinnias smile.

He bade the proud nasturtiums
Bow low as he passed by;
His manner bluffed the candy tuft
And made the poppies sigh.

"The King is changed this morning,"
The ragged robins said.
"We've never seen his kingly mien
All center in his head!"

At last the bold verbenas
Made up their minds to know
What lofty thing had caused their King
To change his manner so.

They boldly asked the reason,
Then he began to prance.
"Why you should see," he said with glee,
"I'm got my firstest pants!"

LITTLE LADY JUNETIME

LITTLE Lady Junetime,
Sweet and debonair,
Queen of park and playground,
Welcome everywhere!
Clad in gowns of dainty hue,
Pink and white and red and blue—
All the world's in love with you,
Lady Junetime fair.

Little Lady Junetime
Fickle-time is here;
Something like the measles—
Prevalent each year!
With a love that will not down
Everybody wants to crown
Every little girl in town
Lady Junetime dear!

HOW YO' ALL SPELL MARIE?

AH'S bought ma gal a valentine,
Yes, ma'am, ma fi-an-cee!
It sho' will be one big su'prise,
But heah's whut troubles me;
—How yo' all spell Marie?

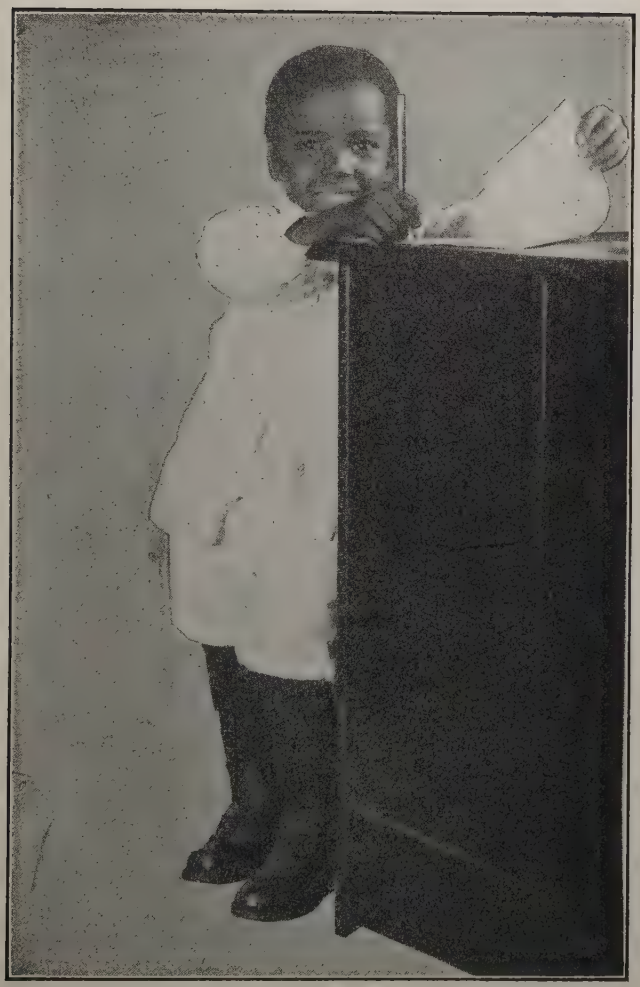
Ah gits de money from some rags
Which Ah done sell to-day,
Den down Ah goes an' buys dis dream
Fo' ma sweet lady gay;
—Yo' spell it how, yo' say?

De valentine am full ob lub
An' pinks an' vi'lets, too,
Oh, she'll be des so crazy glad
She'll cry befo' she's thoo;
—Dat name! Whut will Ah do?

She libs des short ways up de street
An' Ah could hab some fun
By stickin' it down 'neaf de do',
Den ring de bell an' run;
—But she say: "Huh-uh, hon!"

She say she want it come by mail
Des lak de white gals do,
An' if dat pos'man pass her by
Den her an' me am thoo;
—Which sho' would make me blue.

So, come on, all yo' wisdom folks,
Come on an' he'p po' me.
Ah's got to mail dis valentine,
But—co'se—yo' know—yo' see
—How DOES yo' spell Marie?



THE LITTLE OLD EVERYTHING STORE

IF CHILDHOOD came back to me, sorrows and all,
And I could be just as of yore,
Somewhere in my world I am sure there would be
A Little Old Everything Store.

There's one on the corner just over the way
Where Youth and its pennies soon part,
Within it are lures of a thousand designs
To make us all spendthrifts at heart.

I watch baby faces peer up through the glass
Where dainties delicious abide,
I hear baby voices discuss what they'd buy
And how they would make the "divide."

Child-fortunes are never sufficient by half
To meet every fancied desire,
Their wants run from gumdrops to marbles and tops,
Or monkeys that dance on a wire.

It matters not what you may ask of the man
He'll find it somewhere in the place,
Though it may be earmuffs high up on the shelf,
Or catcher's mitts down in the case.

So, Childhood, come back to me, sorrows and all,
And let me be just as of yore,
But, most of all, give me as one of your joys
A Little Old Everything Store!

IT ISN'T ALONE THE SUMMERTIME

IT ISN'T alone the Summertime
That makes the Summer glad;
It isn't all trees and grasses green
Or rose bowers, glory-clad.

It isn't just corn in tassels gay,
Or fields of waving wheat
That bind us to the Summertime
In serfdom truly sweet.

It's the children—heaven bless them all!
The children, fancy free,
That make God's boundless out-of-doors
A happy place to be.

Though blossoms flood the garden walk
With fragrance sweet and rare,
They never seem one-half as sweet
Without the children there.

The orchard, too, seems glorified,
When from some friendly tree
A friendly baby face peeps forth
To grant a smile to me.

And sometimes, down along the shore,
Where quiet waters flow,
The children of the Summertime
Sing all the songs they know.

I guess when God made Summertime,
To make it doubly sweet
He turned the children out-of-doors,
Then called His work complete!

JUNEITIS

I'VE got Juneitis—got it bad!
Baddest case I ever had!
Git up in th' mornin' blest
With a night of soothin' rest;
Tell myself I'm goin' to do
Work that's lagged th' summer through.
All I've got, at set of sun,
Is some fancy loafin' done.

Funny what June's symptoms is—
It's some kind of rheumatiz
Makes you limp in mind an' soul,
Though your feet an' body's whole.
Makes you feel a driftin' boat
Would be just th' antidote
Sure to cure you right offhand
Of your loathin' fer th' land.

Git a boat an' drift away—
Naw, you don't want that to-day!
What you want is lemonade
Mixed with drowsin' in th' shade.
Do you? Well, you mebbe don't—
Still, you'll never say you won't.
Fact is, when you're June all through
You don't know just what to do.

Yep, I've got Juneitis sure—
Too blamed tired to hunt a cure;
All I want is just to be
Left alone to loaf with me.
Down th' river, up th' shore,
Let me loll an' loaf an' snore.
Yep, I've got Juneitis—bad!
Crazy-tired an' crazy-glad.

LITTLE TOWN OF WHAT'S-ITS-NAME

LITTLE Town of What's-its-name!
You've been there I know;
There's a Town of What's-its-name
Everywhere you go.
Sometimes on the mountaintop,
Sometimes in the plain;
See it as you motor through,
See it from the train.
What's-its-name is always found
Set in rustic frame,
And you always, always say:
"Wonder what's its name?"

Little Town of What's-its-name!
All are quite alike;
Now and then they have a fire,
Never have a strike.
Now and then a baby's born,
Then somebody dies;

That is why old What's-its-name
Never grows in size.
Pictures in the albums, too,
Look about the same—
Fact is, things so seldom change
Here in What's-its-name.

Little Town of What's-its-name!
In the Weekly Call
Ladies' Aid proclaims a fete
At Odd Fellows' hall.
Sale bills decorate the trees,
You will find one, too,
Near the old post-office sign:
"Box Rent Now Is Due."
Posters in the windows say
There's to be a game
Friday with the Liztown Reds:
Root for What's-its-name!

Little Town of What's-its-name!
Those who glibly run
Through your shaded thoroughfares
Miss a lot of fun.
You, like all the What's-its-names

Underneath the sky,
Glory in a sweet content
Money can not buy.
Let the cities have the gold,
Selfishness and fame;
You have mostly happiness,
Little What's-its-name.

THE LAND OF SUMMERGONE

ALL the winds that ride the river
Seemed in lonely mood to-day
As they searched each vagrant ripple
In a dazed, half-mournful way;
Searched the pathway through the forest,
Raced through summer's old retreats
Much as would a frantic mother
Seek her lost child in the streets.
Soon the winds, grown weary, rested
As a dew-shower at the dawn,
Then they sighed and said: "The campers—
Ah, at last they all are gone!"

Gone they were—the care-free campers
Who, through all the summer long,
Made the woodland ring with laughter,
Swept the river with their song.
Now the campground, lone and silent,
Grassless as Sahara's sand,

Holds the few discarded relics
  Of a gay, departed band.
Here a washpan, rust-enameled,
  There a mirror on a tree,
Proof that even care-free campers
  Cling to their gentility.

Over there Old Glory, faded,
  Limply lolls upon the breeze,
Comrade of a once gay lantern
  From the far-off Japanese.
There, beneath a tree, a hammock,
  Derelict beyond repair;
Broken chairs and broken dishes—
  Desolation everywhere!
But—our gratitude to heaven—
  Winter's snows must pass, and then
Comes a song along the river—
  And the tents go up again!

DE PALLET ON DE FLO'

DE TIME o' day Ah laks de bes'
Mo' bettah, folks, dan all de res',
Am when de chillun, frum deir play,
Come kin' o' lazin' in an' say
Ol' Drowsy Man he done'n drap
De hint dey'd bettah take a nap.

Dey rubs deir eyes, den gibs a yawn;
Dat's all Ah needs to know dey's gone,
Yes suh, dey's gone an' tol' Bo-Peep
He'll haf to fin' his own los' sheep,
Kase dey's got somethin' else to do—
Dat's drowsy-dream a' hour er two.

Fus' thing dem baby dahlin's know
Ah's made a pallet on de flo',
Den some one stahts a pillow fight,
But dey's too tahd to fuss it right.
Dey snuggles down an', purty soon,
Dey's dream-paradin' 'roun' de moon.

Ah sit an' watch 'em whilst dey sleep
An' thank de Lawd dey's ours to keep.
Co'se we ain't got no pile, dat's true,
But whut we've got dey's welcome to.
An' dat's 'bout all dey is, I guess,
In pure ol' homemade happiness.

AN HUMBLE GRACE

ON DIS Thanksgibben day, O Lawd!
Des make our heahts to be
Full up wif love an' joy an' song
An' thankfulness to Thee.

Doan' let our earthly pride prevail,
Doan' let us go astray
F'm out de path ob righteousness
Into de errin' way.

Let our po' heahts sen' up a song
Ob gratitude an' love
Until de glory angel choir
Shall carol it above.

Des fill our souls wif humbleness
To make us take de view
Dat if we kain' hab turkey—den,
Pohk chops will hab to do!

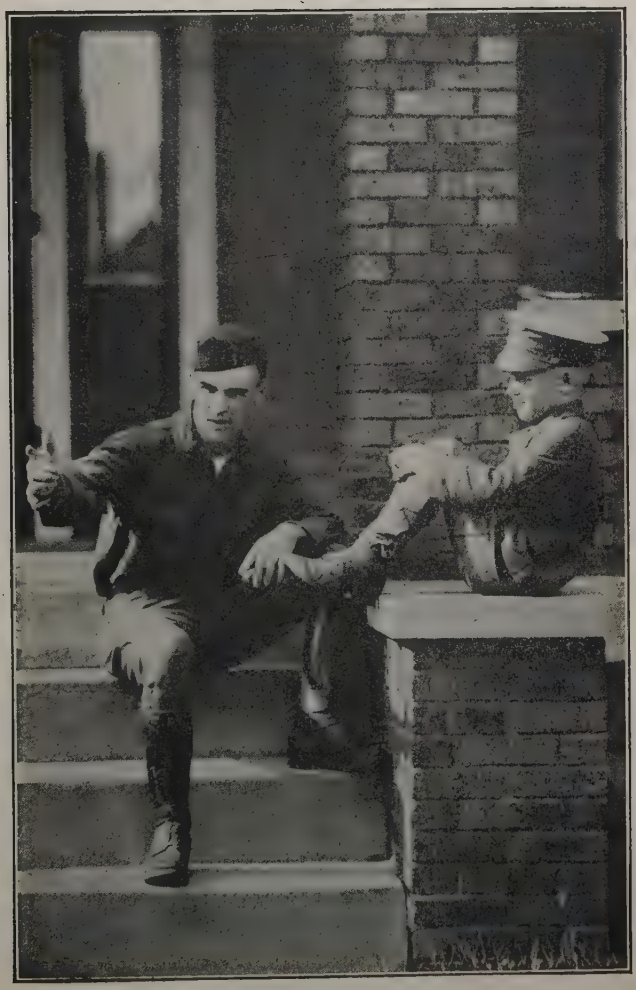
LITTLE KID BROTHER OF MINE

YOU want an uproarious Fourth of July,
Little Kid Brother of Mine;
Rockets that soar through the loft of the sky,
Little Kid Brother of Mine.
Fiz-gigs, firecrackers and meteors, too,
Bombs that change night to a red, white and blue;
All a delight and a glory to you,
Little Kid Brother of Mine.

You've never known a real Fourth of July,
Little Kid Brother of Mine;
You've never seen a real meteor fly,
Little Kid Brother of Mine.
You've never been where the enemy's shell
Changed the old Fourth to a militant hell—
Fireworks that murdered wherever it fell,
Little Kid Brother of Mine.

Well I remember one Fourth of July,
  Little Kid Brother of Mine;
Longing for calm were my comrades and I,
  Little Kid Brother of Mine.
Forward we hurried through Belleau's dark wood,
Up to the line where the Hun legions stood;
Oh, how we walloped them—walloped them good!—
  Little Kid Brother of Mine.

My thoughts were of you that Fourth of July,
  Little Kid Brother of Mine;
You with toy-meteors lighting the sky,
  Little Kid Brother of Mine.
Your only foes were the watchful police,
I hungered most for war's tumult to cease,
Then I'd get home to you—Comrade in Peace—
  Little Kid Brother of Mine.



HUH-UH! NOT ME!

C'O'SE Ah ain't sayin' Ah won't do
Des whut ma country want me to,
But dey's one job dat Ah fo'see
Ain't gwine to 'tach itself to me—
Huh-uh! Not me!

Dat's dis heah ahplane stuff—No, Boss,
Ah'll bah some othah kin' ob cross
Lak drive a mule, er tote a gun,
But Ah ain't flirtin' wif de sun—
Huh-uh! Not me!

Ef Ah mus' do a loop-de-loop
Let mine be 'roun' some chicken coop;
It ain't gwine be up whah de crows
Kin say Ah's trompin' on deir toes—
Huh-uh! Not me!

HUH-UH! NOT ME!

It sho' look sweet, Ah don't deny,
To be a-oozin' 'roun' de sky,
But dat's fo' folks dat's in de mood
To pass up love an' gin an' food—
Huh-uh! Not me!

Down heah Ah firs' saw light ob day,
Down heah am whah Ah's gwine t' stay;
Folks, Ah don't keer to hab ma feet
Git too blamed proud to walk de street—
Huh-uh! Not me!

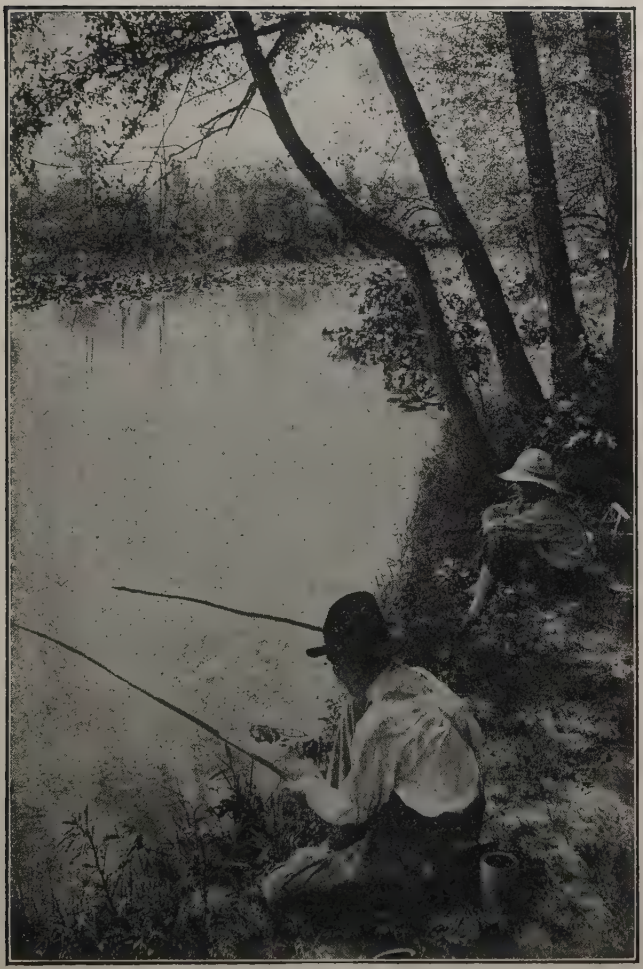
So, Ah'll des wait till Gabr'el brings
Dem good ole-fashion' angel wings
Den, as Ah pass de ahplanes by,
In pity, Ah'll look down an' sigh—
Huh-uh! Not me!

DOWN ON TH' CRICK WITH DADDY

DOWN on th' crick with Daddy!
That's what I call a joy;
Down where "Th' Bends"
Welcome as friends
Daddy an' me—his boy!

Oh, how I love th' mornin's
Daddy comes in to say:
"Buddy, come on,
We must be gone—
Fishin' is good to-day!"

Mother she fills th' basket,
It an' th' bait's my load
Then Dad can git
Fishpoles that's fit
Somewhere along th' road.



Old crick it kind o' giggles
When us pals come in sight,
Waitin' to see
Which one will be
First one to git a bite.

Daddy he 'tends he's jealoust
When th' first bites my line;
Then I just say:
"Aw, naw, le's play
It's pardners—yours an' mine!"

THE WATCHMANETTE

OI HATE to hear ye, Dinny, say ye're vexed
av soul at me,
Thot me talk is almost papal in its high divinity.
Ye mustn't say thot, Dinny, all because Oi take th'
stand
Th' female sex is getting' too ambitious in th' land.
Oi only say Oi'm hurted whin Oi cross th' thrack
an' see
A woman playin' flagman where McKenna used to
be!

'Twas just to-day, whoile strollin' up th' ould famil-
iar thrack,
Me moind on twinty years ago—an' maybe furder
back—
Oi thought av you an' Kelly, av O'Dowd an' Danny
Quayle—
A betther set av optics never squinted down a rail;

A betther set of min, Oi'll say, has niver clenched a fist,
An' we'll not forget McKenna whin we're makin' out th' list.

But thot's th' bygones, Dinny, an' th' thought Oi would convey
Is it hurted me tremenjous whin Oi saw her there to-day.
She didn't wave McKenna's flag—thot's far too out o' date!—
Instead she held a "Stop!" sign up whin she would have ye wait.
An', Dinny man, her shanty is as nate as anny pin—
There's not a box in all th' place t' knock yer ashes in!

Th' poor ould sthove ain't freckled as it once was anny more—
There's no gang sittin' spittin' an' a missin' av th' door!

She's what they call a Watchmanette — whatever
thot may be—
An' still Oi can't be bitter, for she sure was good
to me.
Ye see Oi stood there dreamin' av th' happy days
thot were
An' th' Fasht Mail would a-hit me—if hadn't been
for her!

THE OLD HOMEMADE WAGON

THERE came 'round the corner a boy-propelled wagon,
A homely creation of woodshed design,
And soon I was drinking from Memory's flagon,
Imbued with a fancy the wagon was mine.
I once owned one like it—why should I not claim it?—
Though mine was a treasure of decades ago;
In all of its outlines, its body and frame it
Resembled the wagon I once cherished so.
The pine-shoebox wagon, the wabbly-wheeled wagon,
The old homemade wagon I had long ago.

How happy I was when my pals, Red and Humpy,
Would join me on Saturday back in our shed,
Where each would declare me both selfish and grumpy
If I drove the nails in the wagon's new bed.

But apples and cakes from the kitchen appeased them,
The bulliest bribe I had means to bestow.
They then found the axles, sandpapered and greased them,
And called it "Our" wagon—a name apropos—
The woodshed-made wagon, the lopsided wagon,
The soft-soap-greased wagon we built long ago.

The wheels of this wagon and mine greatly vary,
For Time and Invention no man can retard;
These issued from metal, my own were of cherry,
All hewn from a tree that once grew in our yard.
Still, why make distinctions? Boycraft may be changing,
But boy hearts with chumship forever will glow.
They're always "in pardners," promoting, arranging,
To build a new wagon!—like ours was, you know.
The cherry-wheeled wagon, the "pardnership" wagon,
The heart-cherished wagon we built long ago.

THE SOLDIER OF THE SILENCES

SWEET Soldier of the Silences! You who, in
garb of white,
Wage war's retrieving battles through the watches
of the night;
You who, from Lens and Verdun, bring our bullet-
battered men
To feel the magic of your touch and make them
whole again;
In you we lay a master-faith and pledge that faith
anew
As each day makes more glorious the martyrdom of
you.

Sweet Soldier of the Silences! You've left your all
behind
To make the sad become the glad; to comfort,
soothe and bind.

While others calmly slumber you must ever be alert
To catch the slightest murmur that reveals a restless hurt.
How calm you are in trying hours, how glad you are to share
Another's pain and with your smile make pain less hard to bear.

Sweet Soldier of the Silences! Adown the long white aisle
You tiptoe all unmindfully of hour or day or mile;
A bandage here, a tuck-in there, a drink, a touch of hand
That only soldiers such as ours have soul to understand.
Your Red Cross emblem they'll defend through stress of time and tide;
It is God's goodness manifest—Old Glory sanctified!

A DISSERTATION ON LICKRISH

"LICKRISH is as lickrish does!"
Truer sayin' never wuz;
Lickrish, to my notion, beats
All th' other boughten sweets.
That's because I think it's done
More to manufacture fun
Than you'd ever hope to find
In th' 'ristocratic kind.

Bon bons they don't make a smear
Runnin' 'round from ear to ear.
Give a baby lickrish drops
An' it hardly ever stops
Till it's decorated up
Like a show clown does his pup.
Ain't no circus ever wuz
Makes me laugh like lickrish does!

'Member when I wuz a kid
How us blame fool young'uns did:
Git a nickel, off we'd race
To th' nearest lickrish place.
Couldn't wait to git outside
'Fore we started to divide;
Then we'd stand around an' try
Seein' which could drownd a fly.

Lickrish ain't all laughter, though;
It's been found to have its woe!
Take, fer instance, when you'd squirt
Lickrish on yer Sunday shirt.
Lots o' sweethearts, too, has been
Lost by lickrish on yer chin.
I've heard wimmen swear they'd saw
Real terbacker in yer jaw!

CRONIES

TIME may take our childhood from us,
Crowd our hearts with joys, regrets,
Still, there's one true friend back yonder
None abandons nor forgets.
That's the first dog owned in childhood,
Though a lowly, vagrant cur,
His is still a living presence
Time's encroachment can not blur.

You remember him—Old Crony—
You were cronies, you and he,
Though the neighbors called him worthless,
Labeled him with infamy!
They declared him snarling villain,
Though his snarls, your heart well knew,
Came when canine intuition
Told him harm was threatening you.

He was first up in the morning,
Scratching at the door to say
You had tarried long in slumber—
Sunrise was another day.
He could sense your merest fancy,
Fishing, baseball, shinny, swim;
Where you wished to go he followed—
You were life and love to him!

Every joy you had he joyed in,
Spoken of with wagging tail;
Every grief you had was his grief,
Voiced with sympathizing wail.
Could his poor, dumb tongue have spoken,
When you stubbed your shoeless toe,
He'd have cursed the stone that hurt you,
Licked away your tearful flow.

Time may take our childhood from us,
Crowd our hearts with joys, regrets,
Still, there's one true friend back yonder
None abandons nor forgets.

That's the first dog owned in childhood,
Though a lowly vagrant cur,
His is still a living presence
Time's encroachment can not blur!

THINKIN' THINGS ABOUT HEABEN

WHEN by mase'f alone Ah sits,
Thinkin' things about Heaben,
Ma woes an' worries Ah fergits,
Thinkin' things about Heaben—
Heaben! Heaben!
Thinkin' things about Heaben!

De thoughts Ah think am mighty sweet,
Thinkin' things about Heaben;
Ah peels ma 'tatahs, salts ma meat,
Thinkin' things about Heaben—
Heaben! Heaben!
Thinkin' things about Heaben!

Ah needs no shoutahs comin' 'roun',
Thinkin' things about Heaben;
Ma way to Glory's done been foun',
Thinkin' things about Heaben—
Heaben! Heaben!
Thinkin' things about Heaben!

Ah stahts de day a-hummin' hymns,
Thinkin' things about Heaben;
Ah's singin' still as daylight dims,
Thinkin' things about Heaben—
Heaben! Heaben!
Thinkin' things about Heaben!

Ole Satan lak to fish fo' souls
Thinkin' things about Heaben;
Ah'll swim right by his fishin' poles,
Thinkin' things about Heaben—
Heaben! Heaben!
Thinkin' things about Heaben!

GALLUSES

BOYHOOD years are full of niches
Marking time from toys to britches,
But no period, I'm certain,
Opens wider Triumph's curtain
Than the day when he goes showing
His first galluses—well knowing
Sweet tradition has elected
He, henceforth, must be respected.

Galluses! Boy's one ambition!
Not subtraction, but addition
To his power among his fellows;
All their opposition mellows
As his leadership is granted—
Mere pretenders are supplanted,
For, to-day, his gallused rating
Makes him king beyond debating.

Galluses! The girls, all smiling,
Note his charms as most beguiling.
There's a rivalry instanter,
Bits of byplay, bits of banter
As they coyly edge beside him—
Tribute not to be denied him.
All the other frowning fellows
Say he's puffed up like a bellows.

First long pants may be paraded,
But their glamour soon is faded
When first galluses snap loudly
On a breast that wears them proudly.
Puppy love may come and perish,
Yet one thrill The Boy will cherish;
That first girlish heart he captured—
Gal his galluses enraptured!

AUNT EM

WHEN folks load up their worry-carts with
fears of growin' old,
That's when I like to find Aunt Em an' let that
sage unfold
Her doctrine that it's better to be countin' up
your grins
Than figgerin' where Youth leaves off an' rheu-
matiz begins.
Aunt Em ain't skippin' ropes, I know, nor schot-
tischin' till dawn,
But she can still climb cherry trees an' mow an'
rake th' lawn.
"It's all just like arithmetic," she says, with
twinklin' eye.
"Time adds up years without your aid—don't
help him multiply!"

You'll never hear her mention Age unless some-
body sighs,
Then gits to talkin' 'bout their teeth or achin' in
th' thighs.
Aunt Em then says: "Go fishin'—git your mind
clear off yourself—
Ain't nothin' beats a fish-pole puttin' troubles on
th' shelf!"

Say, what I like about Aunt Em is how she
takes th' view
That what is good enough to preach is fit to prac-
tise, too.
When she ain't feelin' at her best you'll see her
grab her pole,
A can o' bait an' then head off to find her Lucky
Hole.

She sits or stands a-thinkin' as th' cork bobs up
an' down;
Each nibble drives away a sigh, each bite destroys
a frown.

She hums glad songs of girlhood days, some
sweet, familiar tune
That makes December disappear an' leave her
dreams of June.

A string of fish is Heaven's gift, a token meant
to be
A prophecy of joys she'll know on Creek
Eternity.
Why, I expect when old Aunt Em goes through
the Gate, she'll say:
"Just keep th' harp! Give me a pole! How's
fishin' here to-day?"

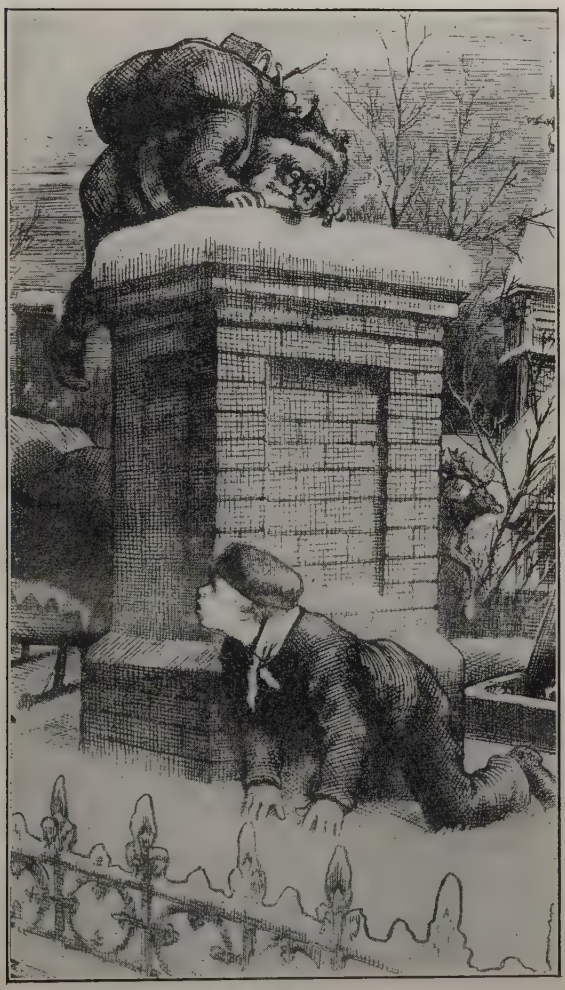
SNOOPER

AT CHRISTMASTIME, when hearts are glad,
All children frown on stories sad;
Still, I believe I should relate
The tale of Snooper's dreadful fate!

Now, Snooper is a boy quite small,
But one who never smiles at all;
He doesn't smile because, you see,
He snooped—and lost his Christmas glee!

No, I won't say he'll never smile,
He may find gladness after while,
That is, if children hear his plea
And curb their curiosity!

The story's this—once long ago
Young Snooper felt he had to know
Just what was wrapped in bundles queer
That came when Christmas Eve drew near.



His mother tried her best to stay
His constant peeping every day,
But what was worse—would you believe
He snooped on Santa Christmas Eve?

Old Santa wept and said: "Poor lad,
The fairies now will call you bad!
Your days of gladness all are o'er
Till Christmas snoopers snoop no more!"

And so it seems that Snooper goes
From Zuyder Zee to Barbados
To warn all children who are found
Tiptoeing in and snooping 'round.

He grows so weary of his quest
For happiness—and soon must rest!
And oh, 'twould be a sad disgrace
If you were called to take his place!

JUST A FLOWER

JUST A FLOWER! A little thing
God invented, whispering:
"Go and be a symbol born
Kinsman to the Easter Morn.
Cast a glow in some dark place,
Bring a smile to some wan face!"

Just a flower! A newsboy goes
Heart aglow, to buy a rose;
One to make a woman's eyes
Dance with gladness and surprise.
He can hardly wait to say:
"Here's a flo'r fer you to-day!"

Just a flower! His mother smiles,
Ranging backward years and miles;
Sees herself when blossoms sweet
Tangled 'round her youthful feet,

Yet no rosebud breathed a joy
Like this heart-bud from her boy.

Just a flower! It does not take
Orchid-coronets to make
Queenly heads attract the king—
One bud may mean everything!
Every little blossom born
Glorifies the Easter Morn!

THE GLAD-MAKERS

UP THE street, down the street, off with the dawn,
Red-wagon Tony goes clattering on;
All through the day he keeps ringing his bell,
Telling the town he has ice-cream to sell.

Children all love him, for Tony's eyes beam
More than mere thanks as they bargain for cream.
Tears may come, too, as he pats each small head,
Wishing they knew what his halting lips said.

"Me gotta leetla boy," Tony will say;
"He gon' for come to me some of dees day.
My, I be glad whan hees mudder weel be
Come from old countree an' breeng heem to me!"

Tony's poor tongue struggles hard to explain
Pennies they spend are for gladness, not gain.
"You buy my ice-cream, dan you buy me joy;
Some day I sand for heem—my leetla boy!

"Say, whan he come, dan some time mabbe you
Titch heem spick Angleesh like I like heem to.
I tall my Pete he queeck learn A B C,
Dan he come home titch to mudder an' me!"

Ice-cream! How friendly the part that it plays,
Bringing real hope to a lonely man's days.
Each baby palate he cools with his wares
Pays double dividends—his joy and theirs!

Up the street, down the street, off with the dawn,
Red-wagon Tony goes clattering on;
All through the day he keeps ringing his bell,
Telling the town he has ice-cream to sell.

RICH
ICE CREAM

THE LUCK OF LIVING

I FOUND, half hidden by the weeds, a boy
along the shore;
His knowing manner proved that he had fished
that spot before.
The water rippled 'round his boots, he watched
with eager eye
Each quiver of his rod and line for quarry cruising by.

"What luck?" I asked, and with a smile he
turned and looked at me;
"I'll get 'em if they're here," he said,
"Here's where they ought to be!"
His answer gave me food for thought—
Luck's turn he did not fear;
He merely wished it understood: "I'll get 'em
if they're here!"

Oh, fisherboy, there's logic in that little heart
of yours!
Too many of us bow to Luck, responsive to its
lures.
We go through life dependent on its veiled,
elusive charm
To bring us happiness, success, and ward off
every harm.

The Luck of Living is your joy—you do not
ask that Chance
Bring unearned Fortune, making you its child
of circumstance.
You teach this lesson to us all—to fight through
on the square;
Not ask Luck's pagan patronage—"you get 'em
if they're there!"

WHEN WE HAD WATERMELON

IN CHILDHOOD'S memory-book I've penned,
With ink of smiles and tears,
Joys passing time can not erase,
Or even dim with years.
Yet, as I count them all again,
My dream-trend seems to play
Around that after-supper hour
When father used to say:
"Let's buy a watermelon!"

Our young hearts leaped expectantly
As mother brought a dime,
But father said: "Take fifteen cents—
Let's have it big this time!"
I, sturdy senior of the flock,
Was hurried to the store,
The others trailing at my heels
And shouting through the door:
"We want a watermelon!"

The grocer, smiling, "plugged" our choice,
We tasted it to tell,
If it were ripe—my guard stood by
To save it if I fell.
Soon, to the well's sweet, cooling depths,
We helped dad let it down,
While through the fence, it seemed to us,
Peeped every child in town—
When we had watermelon!

Hours passed—at least they seemed as hours—
Before the feast would start;
Each face swept through a crescent moon,
All got a piece of "heart."
Dear mother warned each banqueter
We dare not eat the rind,
While father said: "God must have had
Our little flock in mind
When He made watermelon!"

THE TRAVELERS' GARDEN

I AM not hard to entertain
When by the window of a train,
I'm left alone to scan the sky
And all God's earth-things passing by.

I make believe the train stands still,
While town and city, vale and hill,
Go romping down my vision's way
Like children on a holiday.

Scenes glad and sad, sights rare and old,
My panoramic reels unfold;
One station greets a bridal pair,
The next sees sorrow leaving there.

Mills, men—men bearing burdens—pass;
Old shanties, cans and broken glass.
Then, suddenly, from out the grime,
We rush upon a scene sublime!

A backyard fence is brought to view
Aglow with buds of rarest hue;
The speeding train, you might well say,
Has found a floral right-of-way.

Tall hollyhocks lift stately heads
To hide unsightly backyard sheds;
Bright roses seem to hint that they
Are all there is to see to-day!

A cry of gladness fills the car;
The train speeds on and soon is far
From where the trackside garden cast
Its radiance on all who passed.

Then comes the wonder! Who indeed
Had felt the weary travelers' need
For such a garden? Heaven bless
And tell that heart our happiness.

THE SONG SINGERS

MELODIES is made above,
So de preachahs say;
Still, Ah heard a angel choir
Right down heah to-day.

Happy chillun singin' songs
Sweet an' sof' an' low,
Tunes dat any 'vangelist
Might be proud to know.

Wuzn't all des timed de same,
Lak de hymns an' chants;
One song make yo' want to pray,
Nex' one, want to dance.

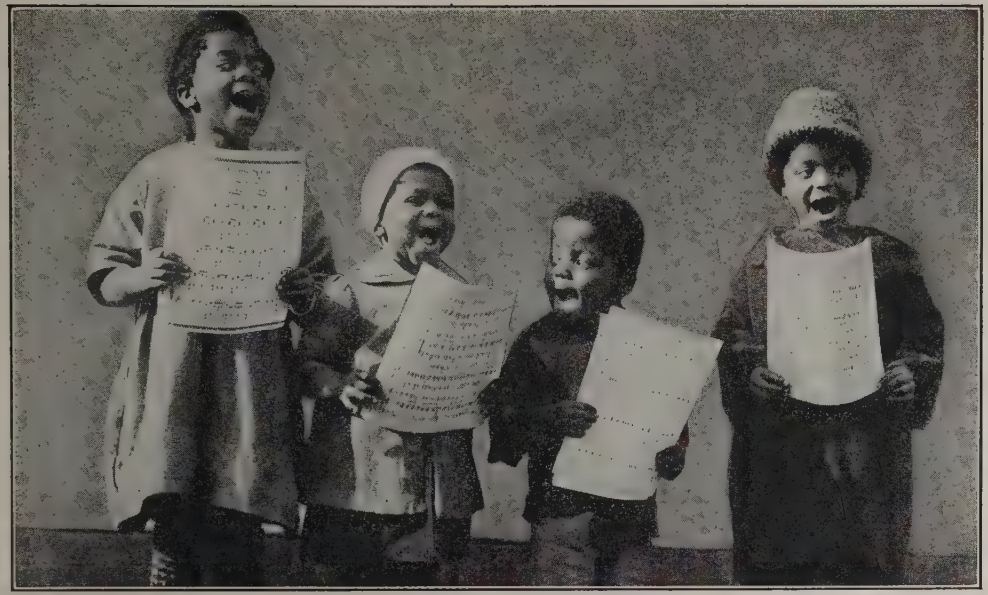
Tell yo' how it happen, folks;
Chillun out to play
Fin' a lot ob music sheets
White folks th'owed away.

Den dey ohganize a choir,
  Lak de growed-ups do;
Stan' an' sing *Sweet Beulah Lan',*
  Jesus Lovah, too.

Sing *Ma Ole Kaintucky Home,*
  Sing *Gwine Rain No Mo';*
Yo kain't tell ef dey's in church
  Er a minstrel show.

Dey doan' keer ef dey kain't read
  Whut de music say;
All dey want am des to sing
  In deir own glad way.

Lawdy, wouldn't life be sweet
  Ef we'd all go 'long
Huntin' things an' findin' things
  Crowded full o' song?



THE TROUBLE-SHOOTER

THE Trouble-shooter! Genius of the blizzard-battered wires,
How seldom do we contemplate your part in our desires.
The lights go out, we beg for light, dependent all on you;
Dead words in voiceless telephones you make to live anew.

When winter's frenzy sweeps the land, wires snap like snarling souls;
Ice lays a death grip on the lines, bends low the groaning poles,
Then, Trouble-shooter, comes the test of all the man in you;
The wire chief calls for warriors to fight the battle through!

Though dark the night and bitter cold, you go
on Trouble's track.
Your only thought the job ahead—to put the
service back!
Up ice-incrusted poles you climb, to broken wires
you cling,
You wake numbed fingers with your breath and
ease the bitter sting.

A thrill of triumph must be yours when, victor
in the fray,
You hear the wire chief's voice come in and
register "O. K."
How happy this old world would be if shooters
such as you
Could take our human troubles out and trouble-
shoot them, too!

THE PASSING OF THE MONON PLUG

I'M FEELIN' kind o' lonely, folks,
An' crowdin' back the tears;
I've lost a' old an' cherished friend
Heart-held fer forty years.
They've tooken off the Monon Plug,
An' never, never more,
I'll see her—like a neighbor's horse—
A-trottin' past my door.

The Plug was just a humble train
Fer humble folks to ride;
She had no observation car
Except the steps outside.
Stopped everywhere an' anywhere,
Run slow, I'll not deny;
Was sidetracked more than on the Main
A-lettin' fast trains by.

From Monon to the Capital
She'd start at dawn's first light;
Just trot along, then turn around
An' be back home by night.
Make stops at Cyclone, Radnor, Sleeth,
Owasco an' Terhune;
There never was a switch, I guess,
From which Plug was immune.

The crew knowed every one in town,
The townfolks knowed them, too;
Which makes it hard to realize
Them happy days is through.
The boys waved at us country folks
As Plug would canter by;
I've lived 'bout half my life, I guess,
With cinders in my eye.

The fast trains, 'course, is purtier
An' more refined an' snug,
But no one never knowed a train
More friendlier than Plug!

Just kind o' rambled up an' down,
In sun an' snow an' rain;
A-whistlin' every forty feet
An' keepin' off the Main.

But now old Plug has quit the trail,
Since some unfeelin' cuss
Has stole away her passengers
An' hauls 'em in a bus.
I'll miss her whistle tellin' me
It's time to feed the stock;
But—worst of all—I wonder how
I'm goin' to set the clock!

JUST THE HAVING YOU AROUND

MOTHER DEAR, as I sit musing on the
happiness I've found,
Never failing comes one joy-thought—just the
having you around
Proves the gladdest thing I know of, marking
Life's divergent ways—
You who've always stood beside me, countless
nights and endless days.

As I ponder, searching childhood in a soul-sincere
review,
I can't think of one devotion that I now don't
owe to you.
Ever tolerant of error, always mistress of your
wrath,
You knew, somehow, where the rocks were,
guided me to safer path.

I, of course, thought my ways wiser—Youth is
ever wisdom-blest—
Yet, when tear-typhoons assailed me, I found
first the mother-breast.
Oh, the feel there was, Dear Mother, in the
arms you reached to me,
Arms that guided me, unfailing, where my an-
chorage should be!

Mine were eyes that saw not further than the
pleasure I would know;
Mine were feet that slyly wandered where I knew
they should not go.
You, I thought, were over-cautious of the paths
I sought to stray;
Life's maturer years have told me you well knew
the better way.

So, to-day, My Mother Perfect, I am willing
you should be
Still the guidon of my journey, still sweet min-
ister to me.

Tell me how to point my compass, halt me in unbridled zeal;
Whisper still your wonted warning—if I falter, take the wheel!

Mother Dear, though you sit dreaming of the golden days gone by,
Look with kindness on my fellows; they may err the same as I.
Think of those who have not mothers pointing where the rocks abound;
They who do not know my blessing—just the having you around!

THE BORROWED COTTAGE

SAID a friend the other day:
"Take our cottage—run away
To the shores of Maxinkuckee
For a little rest and play!"

We, with gladness, took the keys,
Eager for the calm and ease
Of that friendly, borrowed cottage
Up among the borrowed trees.

Oh, the joys they had to lend
In this cottage of our friend;
There were birds out in the treetops
Singing welcomes without end.

Breezes romped up from the shore
As we opened wide each door;
Sunbeams swept in at the windows
For a dance across the floor.

Every lounge, divan and chair
Had a come-and-try-me air;
If you wished to borrow comfort
Each had restfulness to spare.

Every corner, table, nook,
Seemed to wish to lend a book;
So I read Drinkwater's *Lincoln*
And a bit of *Lalla Rookh.*

Then came hours of borrowed sleep,
Soothing, restful, long and deep;
Cast aside were borrowed troubles,
None of which we cared to keep.

Some find joy alone, I guess,
In the treasures they possess,
But that little borrowed cottage
Made us rich in happiness!

"JUST WATCH PAPA!"

FOURTH JULY, it seems to me,
Ain't what it's bragged up to be;
'Specially fer childrens who
Live with kin they're kinfolks to.
Them with mothers who—all day—
Only have one thing to say:
"Just watch papa!"

Father takes down from the shelf
Fireworks he has bought hisself.
Does we git to shoot a shot?
No-siree-bob! We does not!
We must sit back in th' door,
Mother sayin', as before:
"Just watch papa!"

Father shoots an' shoots away,
Like 'twas all his holiday.
Oh, he has th' biggest fun,
Gittin' all his shootin' done!
Still, 'bout all we hear is this,
Spoke right out with emphasis:
"Just watch papa!"

Say, you bet when I git grown,
Have some childrens all my own,
I'll show them just how to do—
Like Our Country wants us to.
I'll let them have all th' fun—
Show them 'zac'ly how it's done:
"Just watch papa!"

THE FALLS OF HOOSIERHAHA

POETS sing of Minnehaha as the Falls of
Laughin' Water—
Wish they knew my Hoosierhaha, lovable as
life to me.
Cataract of cheery chuckles—an' old Indiana's
got 'er—
And it sings a hallelulyer as it tumbles to'rd
the sea.

Its geography location, if you're seekin' the
direction,
Lies outside the town o' Pendleton, a quarter
to a half;
Once you've been there you'll remember ev'ry
ripple with affection—
It's worth anybody's million just to hear them
waters laugh!

Falls o' Fall Crick, folks will tell you, is the
proper designation,
But if haha stands for laughter, Hoosierhaha
it should be;
Why, there ain't no clown or circus anywhere in
all creation
Can excel it for performance—even with ad-
mission free.

Oftentimes when glum an' gloomy as a school-
boy with diphtheery,
I recall God's exhortation to be happy on the
way;
Which, of course, means I'm invited to go seekin'
somethin' cheery
An' the Falls of Hoosierhaha get a contract,
let me say.

I just wander out the highway, follow up the
rocky ledges
Where the leapin', laughin' waters come a
ninety-milin' through.

Lordy, some day I'll get drownded playin' down
along the edges
Of that rompin' Hoosierhaha passin' there in
glad review.

Over rocks an' through the eddies it goes gigglin'
wigglin', roarin'
Like a lot of little children on a care-free
holiday;
Oh, if there's no Hoosierhaha, when through
Heaven I go soarin',
I'll just tell the great Jehovah here is where I
want to stay!

RABBIT HE RUN NO MO'!

NOW'DAYS ole Jack Fros' work all night,
He paint de whole worl' cotton-white,
Den out hop Rabbit frum de clump,
Play hidey-whoop aroun' a stump.
But he doan' know dey's been a plan
To park him in a fryin' pan—
Rabbit he run no mo'!

Fus' thing yo' know ole Rabbit he
Ain' livin' whah he used to be;
He's in de skillet, grabbin' heat,
Wif gravy floatin' 'roun' his feet.
Den out he come an'—my, oh my!—
Ole Rabbit's kiss hisse'f good-by
Rabbit he run no mo'!

He ain' no mo' dan git put on
De table till his thighs is gone.
De young'uns mess him on deir face,
But Rabbit gravy's no disgrace.
Dey bite an' bite, dey laughs an' chaws
Till rheumatiz 'bout got deir jaws—
Rabbit he run no mo'!

Dey's some folks laks fry chicken bes',
Den some say pohk chops beats de res',
But ef yo' want see Rabbit fly
Des let me put one on to fry;
Dey'll yell fo' Rabbit-hash next day
An' hate to th'ow de bones away—
Rabbit he run no mo'!

THE SECRET

"I KNOW something you don't know!"
It's a secret! Off they go,
Down the alley, up the street,
Bound for solitude complete.

Maybe far and maybe near,
Just so grown-ups can not hear;
Just so other girls won't be
Snooping 'round to hear and see.

"What's your secrage? Oh, say, Bess,
You know I can't never guess;
Mamie's got another beau—
Now Jeanette can go with Joe?

"Ain't that it? Not love at all?
It's that girl across the hall;
Bought some earrings, couldn't pay,
Jeweler took them away?

"Not that neither? Well, let's see,
What could your old secrage be?
Aw, I betcha now I know—
Your folks got a radio!

"Huh? Not that? Aw, say, gee whiz!
Tell me what your secrage is;
If I knowed one I'd tell you—
Shoot, that ain't no way to do!"

Secret-keeper peeps around,
Whispers then, in tones profound:
"Cross your heart an' touch my mole—
Promise you won't tell a soul!

"I'm got something you don't know—
Doctor says 'taint ketchin' though;
I'm got something—what you s'pose?
I'm got adenoids in my nose!"

RIDERS OF THE WIND

WHEN underneath the flowering bush
Rose petals sweet, discarded lie,
Think not of them as candles burned—
Mistake them not as left to die.

They are the Riders of the Wind,
Directed by a Mystic Hand,
Their mission to reveal where sleep
Forgotten heroes of the land.

The buoyant breezes of the morn
Provide momentum for their flight
To distant valleys, far-off hills,
Where men courageous fell in fight.

They ride the winds to find the graves
Of brave frontiersmen who, in life,
Found End of Trail when savage hands
Plied tomahawk and scalping knife.

They journey far to battle-fields
  Where lies some unknown soldier brave;
One buried under shell-torn earth—
  There was no time to mark his grave.

They joy to find the resting-place
  Of men who would not ask release
From war—if war had ruled their days—
  But they had lived in years of peace.

They kiss the sod where mothers sleep,
  So often children soon forget;
They rest on graves of wandering sons
  Whose vagrant eyes on Home were set.

Rose petals! Riders of the Wind!
  Spread your sweet fragrance—spread it far;
God seems to find a secret joy
  In knowing where His unknown are!

THE LAUGHIN' SIDE O' THINGS

WHEN God invented laughter
I reckon He designed
To have it come in layers—
Like cake—to humankind.

He made th' baby's gurgle
To sweeten up th' dough;
It takes a lot o' cooin'
To make a baby grow.

With first words come first chuckles,
Which everybody knows
Sets all th' house a-laughin'
An' ticklin' baby's toes.

The laughter-batter thickens
As barefoot years arrive;
Life's cake must have its giggles
To make th' mixture thrive.

Sweet teens make up th' fillin',
  Those years of care-free fun
When we are not still babies
  An' not yet twenty-one.

Time puts us in th' oven,
  Our twenties—seems to me—
Are years that count in provin'
  What kind of cake we'll be!

A sad cake's never welcome—
  No baker ever born
Looks proudly on a cookie
  Dejected an' forlorn.

You've got to be a glad cake,
  So's then that—after while—
When age puts on th' frostin'
  You'll wear it with a smile!

DA HARDA BOIL EGG

WAN harda boil egg ees da Tony, wheech be
Da leetla keed op-stair down alley from me;
I tall you w'at happen, dan you ondrastand
W'y he's harda boil worse as beata da band.

He's come from old Eetaly—Naples like me—
But he ain't been come long from ovra da sea.
Wall, now ees Decamber an' Tony ees fear
Someboda not tall Santa Claus he ees here.

Da keeds een da neighborhood tease heem all day,
So I have mak' leesten to hear w'at dey say.
Each wan tall heem Santa Claus theenk he weel be
'Way back where he come from—een old Eetaly!

Oh, poor leetla Tony! Hees face look so sad;
Each time dey tormant he geet harda boil mad.
"Poor Tony get nawthink!" de guys alla shout,
Wheech mak' me so angra I gotta walk out.

I tak' heem in arms, dan I say: "Go weeth me;
We're gon' for tall Santa Claus where you weel
be.
We're go een my house an' write lettra, you bat,
Dan whan Santa come you weel not been forgat!"

Wall, Tony write lettra—oh, golly! oh, my!
He mak' sucha screeble more worser as I.
But I tall you sometheeng—whan Santa he see
Dat lettra he gon' cry—da sama like me!

Poor Tony he run like da air-ship he fly
For catch weeth da postman w'at's going past by.
Dan he come queeck back an' ees hugga me
tight—
We laugh weeth our tears—evratheenk alla
right!

Say, I tall you secret! Dat boy ees gon' see
Old Santa Claus breeng heem wan granda beeg
tree.
Dat keed find on Chreestmus he not been forgat
Eef I got go bust teel I pawna my hat!

AN IDLER ON CATARACT

EVER git so doggoned tired
Bein' hired and bein' fired
You just want to find a place
Where a job's a deep disgrace?
Well, I've got th' place to go
When you git to feelin' so.
How'd I find it? Why, gee whiz,
Work ain't all th' joy they is!

Seems like I just got wore out
Hearin' our blamed foreman shout:
"You do this an' you do that,
Elst put on your coat an' hat!"
Did I put 'em on? Well, say,
I ain't worked since week to-day.
I just quit 'em! It's a fact!
Then lit out fer Cataract!

AN IDLER ON CATARACT

Cataract, you know, is down
Where they ain't no crowded town;
Where they ain't no sounds at all,
'Cept th' singin' waterfall;
Singin' birds an' singin' me
Crowdin' God with melody.
We just sing till I git glad
I've quit ever' job I had!

Folks don't thrive, I can't deny,
Countin' ripples racin' by,
Still I think it's just th' trick
When you're slow on 'rithmetic.
Cataract's a big help, too,
When your loafin' days are through.
Ain't it proof to every shirk,
Singin' helps you do your work?

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